

I'll Be Home for Christmas by GallifreyGod

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Summary:

While at the lab, Eleven hears a song playing from a different room. She hears about Christmas and it soon becomes a dream of hers.

A few years later, now living as Jane Hopper, she realizes that dreams do come true.

I'll Be Home for Christmas

Author's Note:

"Someday, her new Papa and Mama would show up and take her to see Christmas. She could see it all without having to look through a window."

Merry Christmas!

She didn't know what the snow looked like, or even see a glimpse of the trees for longer than three seconds.

She had seen them once, as Papa and the guards dragged her through a different hall than usual. There it was, the prettiest sight she had ever seen. It was a window that looked over the outside of the lab. She had never known there was anything outside of the paste white walls and teal green tile.

It gave her hope.

There was something more, somewhere she could run to. That was the first moment she ever realized there was life outside of this prison.

She drew that sight all the time now, every chance with crayons she had were spent drawing a window. The wall opposite of her bed was layered in drawings of windows and trees. The green pines poking through the cold white snow, a vast land of anything other than this.

Maybe there were other people out there too. Nicer animals than those groaning cats that Papa tried to make her kill. Maybe that's where Coca-Cola cans came from too. Endless possibilities of somewhere else.

Eleven's eyes had glimmered more than ever that night. A newfound destiny that her heart called for.

One night, when it seemed nobody had been around, she could hear this marvelous noise bellowing through the halls.

She was sitting against one of those bleak walls, staring at her favorite drawing of the window. Her hand pressed to the piece of paper as if she could dream her way through it. Maybe if she tried hard enough, she could fall right through the drawing and run.

*'I'll be home for Christmas
You can plan on me'*

She didn't know what the sound was, or what 'Christmas' meant... but it sounded wonderful. It wasn't the harsh beeping noises of their machines or a high pitch whine coming from electrodes. It was magical.

Maybe Christmas was a place she could go someday. Maybe it was a big forest covered in the white powder she had seen once before.

*'Please have snow and mistletoe
And presents on the tree'*

She started to repeat the words quietly, humming along as if she had known them all her life. As her fingers traced over the sill of the drawn window, she pictured running off to Christmas.

*'Christmas Eve will find me
Where the lovelight gleams'*

Her humming echoed through the enclosed four walls, filling it with something other than deafening silence.

Maybe she could have a different Papa in Christmas, someone who hugged her and colored with her. Maybe a Mama too, someone who loved her and would show her the trees. Maybe other kids too, ones just like her.

Someday, her new Papa and Mama would show up and take her to see Christmas. She could see it all without having to look through a window.

*'I'll be home for Christmas
If only in my dreams'*

"Hey, kid." Hopper smiled as he walked into the cabin. He kicked the snow off his shoes and set his hat on the table.

"Watching a movie." Jane grinned as she pointed to the TV. Hopper sat down on the couch next to her and raised his eyebrows.

"Christmas is coming up. You'll have a ton of new movies then." he pointed out as he grabbed today's paper.

"Christmas?" Jane's head shot up as she heard the word. Oh, she hadn't forgotten about that magical place.

"Yeah, Christmas. You know Christmas right?" he tilted his head in confusion. He didn't remember teaching her about Christmas yet.

"We're going to Christmas?" she cheered happily, climbing onto her knees as she turned to him.

"Christmas isn't a place silly, it's a holiday." Hop laughed at her excitement.

"Holiday?" Jane questioned with her head turned.

"Grab your dictionary, I'll explain it. It's your new word of the day." Hop watched as she floated the book over to herself.

Flipping through the book, Hop found the H category and skimmed along.

"Right there." he pointed.

hol-i-day

'hālə,dā/

noun

1. a day of festivity and celebration

"We celebrate Christmas every year on December 25th. We get a big Christmas tree and decorate it, and we put presents under the tree too."

Hop figured he wouldn't alarm her with the idea of a big man in a red suit breaking in, especially when their goal was to keep people out. He didn't need her paranoid about Santa breaking in and taking her.

"Christmas." Jane confirmed with a joyous smile. She didn't know what presents were or why they would have a tree in their house but she didn't care.

"We're gonna go over to Joyce's house for Christmas. Have a big dinner, open gifts, and we'll have music too. How does that sound?" Hop ruffled his hand in her hair as she smiled.

Christmas was beautiful, that much was true. It may not have been the same as she imagined but it was everything and more.

Hopper was swinging Joyce around in a dance as music played, kissing her under the mistletoe. Will was playing with his new Nintendo, Jonathan was taking photos with his new camera, and music played throughout the small house.

Jane couldn't take her eyes off the window as she leaned against it. Watching the snow fall through the sky, only lit up by the porch light.

Her new Mama and Papa came and got her, there were kids just like her, she saw the trees, and she went to Christmas. It was everything.

"I'll be home for Christmas, you can plan on me" Jane sang under her breath as a soft grin dressed her face.

"Where'd you hear that song? It hasn't been played yet." Hopper asked as he walked over to her.

Jane looked up at him, feeling her heart warm in her chest. "Merry Christmas." She whispered.

Hop patted her shoulder and grinned. "Merry Christmas to you too, kid."

Author's Note:

Duffer Brothers own the rights of these Characters.